# THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXII SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL. MAY 8, 1912. No. 19

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

### WHAT THE WORLD WILL BE.

The rain had fallen, the poet arose,
He passed by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopped as he hunted the fly,
The snake slipped under a spray;
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey;
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

—Tennyson.

# THE PACIFIC

**Established 1851.**

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price, $1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific, at 447 Minna Street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley


## CHURCH UNITY SENTIMENT AND MOVEMENTS.

The Rev. Albert W. Palmer, of Plymouth Church, Oakland, who attended the Men and Religion Conservation Conrgess in New York, says that the congress was a great expression of unity. The Rev. Dr. Landrith, the president of the congress, is quoted as having said: "The time has come when we have got to unite or give up." To Bishop Brent is accredited the remark: "The mission of the church is missions, but the means thereto is unity."

This is encouraging coming as it does from great Presbyterian and Episcopal leaders.

The Congregationalist reports an important conference between Disciples and Congregationalists, held in New York at the time of the congress, and tells of a movement inaugurated to bring these two communions together if possible. Our inference is that in the judgment of The Congregationalist this is possible. Perhaps it is remotely. But great changes will be necessary in the attitude of the Disciples as to baptism before much headway can be made. We notice that the Christian Evangelist, the leading paper of the Disciple or "Christian" Church, in reporting this conference, says editorially: "No suggestion was made by either side of surrendering any doctrine or practice believed by either to be taught by the Word of God."

At the present time the Church of the Disciples is overwhelmingly against any union which does not have as its basis the acceptance of its rule of baptism by immersion only. And inasmuch as they regard it as their distinctive mission in the world to bring Christendom to such a practice not much is to be hoped for in that direction except by acceptance of their belief and practice. The large majority of church people wish to leave the mode of baptism to individual choice. They do not.

In Canada the movement for unity has been blocked. We quote from The Continent:

"Last year by a large majority the presbyteries of the Canadian Presbyterian Church voted in favor of the proposition to unite with the Congregationalists and Methodists of the dominion. During the ecclesiastical year now closing the same question has been submitted to the members of all congregations. The returns have now been reviewed and announced. The vote was taken on two separate questions—whether union was favored as a general proposition; and then, whether the creed and government worked out by a joint committee as a basis for this united denomination were satisfactory.

"Of the ruling elders 90 per cent were polled, and of these 71 5-10 per cent favored union and 28 5-10 per cent were against it. Among the private membership only a fraction less than 65 per cent of the total voted, and among these 68 7-10 per cent stood for union and 31 3-10 per cent opposed it. Among adherents the favorable proportion was slightly larger. The combined vote of elders, members and adherents was 150,000 for union and 65,000 opposed. The vote on the specific basis now pending was considerably smaller, but in about the same proportion.

"This large majority for its proposal was, of course, gratifying to the union committee, but at the same time it was promptly admitted that the adverse vote was large enough to occasion serious pause. For one thing, it was a particular disappointment that the Presbyterian opopsition should be larger than the opposition returned in the Methodist and Congregational churches, where the minority was respectively only 12 and 20 per cent. The committee, moreover, had to reckon with the threat that a certain group within the Presbyterian minority would appeal to the civil courts to obstruct the majority will and create obnoxious litigation as well as schism. Under these circumstances the committee agreed to advise the Assembly to inform the two sister denominations that from the Presbyterian standpoint organic combination is infeasible at present. But the committee at the same time summarily suppressed an attempt of three members to secure a recommendation that the whole subject should be dropped at this unfavorable stage. It instead adopted a resolution urging that the union committee should be continued and empowered to prolong conferences with both Methodists and Congregationalists in the belief that organic union may yet be consummated at a not distant time, if the ideal is not abandoned.

"Under this plan, intimate co-operation both in foreign and home mission fields would be fostered, and union agitation meanwhile continued in firm faith that wherever the question is discussed its antagonists are sure to lose ground. That the Assembly will endorse this view is practically certain."

## A SIGNIFICANT UTTERANCE.

In the article in The Pacific this week which tells the story of the troublous times in San Diego will be found a highly significant utterance by the pastor of the First Congregational Church of that city. He expressed the conviction that the authorities are acting rightly in making use of the law against these agitators, but added: "And yet there is something infinitely pitiful about it; because these men have seen a vision to which those who beat them back are often blind—the vision of a world that is wrong and needs to be put right."

It is worthy of note that in the membership of the First Congregational Church of San Diego are men of considerable wealth and engaged in great business enterprises. It is to be presumed that they are in accord with the pastor in the recognition of the evils in our industrial system and the need for a readjustment. It is one of the good signs of the times that men of affairs everywhere are seeing this need. This is a big step toward changes and betterments.

In our article last week concerning the Syndicalists and the Industrial Workers of the World we endeavored to show the determined forces at work to bring about the desired changes in a revolutionary way—and this because the evolutionary process is too slow to satisfy them. We stated that back of the movement in the old world were eminent men—successful lawyers, professors and journalists. Many of them are spoken of by persons who know them personally as "charming, refined, cultured people."

M. Briand, the father of the general strike, ascended to the French Premiership a few years ago. In a speech made in 1899 in which he acknowledged that the general strike would mean a revolution he said: "I admit, citizens, that the general strike, the revolution cannot be fixed for any definite day. I admit that the revolution, unfortunately, does not depend on the good will of individuals; were it so, you would long ago have accomplished it. I do not deny the controlling influence which is exercised by evolution and circumstances. But I believe that the human will can hasten the march of evolution and contribute powerfully in bringing circumstances to the birth. Say to the workers: Create the revolution. They would very much like to do so; and if the result depended on themselves alone they would quickly be down in the streets. They do not go because they can foresee the reception that would await them; because they know full well that their efforts would be drowned in blood."

Again M. Briand said: "They understand that the revolution of tomorrow, which will set free the proletariat, cannot be attempted by the old revolutionary methods. Not that I blame these methods, comrades. I am one of those who hesitate to discourage revolutionary efforts, of whatever kind they are.

"Enter the battle with the voting ticket if you think well. I see nothing to find fault with in that. I have entered it myself as a voter, I have entered it as a candidate and I shall doubtless return to it. Enter the battle with pikes, sabers, pistols, guns; far from disapproving of your action I shall feel it my duty, if the necessity should arise, to take a place in your ranks.."

According to M. Briand the success of any revolutionary movement would depend upon the mobilization of the workers. If they arose to a vast and united force the army would not be a passive instrument in the hands of their opponents. The soldiers, in such event, would refuse to fire upon the people, and moreover the army would be helpless in the face of so great a danger.

This is but one of many declarations from men of prominence which can be cited to show what and whom are back of such agitations and disturbances as the American syndicalists are making in and through the organization known as the Industrial Workers of the World. Thus inspired and incited many of them have the spirit of the martyr. And in such lawless acts as the suffragettes in England have been resorting to of late to compel recognition and gain desired ends they find encouragement.

No one can view the unrest and agitation and turmoil in the industrial world and fail to realize that the need is for men of great wisdom and unselfishness in order that we may be guided aright.

Information and education are needed on all sides. At a time when so much is being said on the subject of social injustice the danger is that the states and the nation may be rashly pushed to movements and measures that will be highly disastrous. Conditions ought to be changed and can be changed and made better. But existence on this earth never can be made the easy thing some people imagine. And to make the rich poor might make the poor poorer.

---

## "PRISON LIFE IN ANDERSONVILLE."

We have read with great interest the book bearing the foregoing title, and written by the Rev. John L. Maile who was for many years the Congregational Home Missionary Superintendent in Southern California and now pastor of one of our Los Angeles churches. We have also noted with pleasure some of the fine things written by others concerning the book. The Rev. Dr. H. H. Proctor, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Atlanta says in a letter to Mr. Maile: "I have been much impressed and moved by it. The statement of facts which you give is very informing, and your philosophical justification of things most admirable and conservative. I am delightfully pleased with your treatment of Providence Spring. It is just such a statement as I have longed to see. You may be interested to know that I used the incident to illustrate my last Sunday's sermon and with fine effect."

The Rev. Dr. Joseph B. Clark, formerly secretary of our national Home Missionary Society, writes: "I have been thrilled in reading it. Providence Spring is wonderful! But even more wonderful to me as a providential mercy is your coming out of that hell to tell the story, and your escape with your life from so many battles. If the hand of God was not over you, and if he was not reserving you for his special service on other, grander fields of battle, there is no God governing this world in the interests of righteousness."

We shall not spoil Mr. Maile's interesting and touching narrative by any attempt to give an idea of it by quotation or otherwise. It can be had from him at 1214 Ingraham street, Los Angeles, for one dollar postpaid.

The autograph copy received by the editor of The Pacific will have choice place among our books both because of its contents and the spirit and service of the author who has put many years of devoted, noble effort into all that is desirable and enduring in our Southern California life.

---

## A TEMPERANCE VICTORY IN HUMBOLDT COUNTY.

Last week The Pacific had an account of the recent local option election in Eureka, in which it was stated that the liquor traffic had won by the small majority of 281, which assured great changes for the better in the saloon business in that city. Now word comes that the entire county outside of the incorporated cities and towns has voted dry. A friend in Eureka writes:

"We dared not expect that much. We did expect three supervisorial districts out of the five to go dry. But all of them put the saloons out with very substantial majorities.

"The ministers of Eureka worked hard for this; they went to the aid of the churches in the smaller towns. Every part of the county was visited over and over again. Addresses were freely given, time and thought and strength expended, and we are jubilant. It means something for this county to be dry, and the incorporated towns wet only on the promise of very strict regulation."

The Rev. J. R. Shoemaker, one of the Congregational pastors, was in the front rank in the fight. He did valiant service. Threatenings, and even violence to his personal effects did not stay him. His buggy was wrecked, and he

received many a threat from the saloon men, but it made no difference. He is now rejoicing that Loleta, Hydesville, Rhonerville and Alton, where he has to work, are to be free from the saloon at the end of three months.

Another who did valiant service both in Eureka and county campaigns was the Rev. H. E. Banham, pastor of the Congregational Church of Eureka.

---

## BEATITUDES FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

The following beatitudes were composed by the Rev. Herbert A. Jump in the campaign in Oakland for the raising of $225,000 for a Young Woman's Christian Association building. They are of more than local and special value and may be found suggestive to some of the readers of The Pacific:

"Blessed are they who invest their money in human uplift; for theirs is a reward of gladness.

"Blessed are the willing givers; for they profitably fire the courage of the toilers.

"Blessed are the prompt; for they have a double worth as shining and inspiring examples.

"Blessed are the wealthy; whose abundance ministers joy to many.

"Blessed are the poor in purse; whose prayers and labors are as precious as fine gold.

"Blessed are the farsighted; for they build nobly for our future citizens.

"Blessed are the leaders and the captains; for their strength is the hope of the endeavor.

"Blessed are they who satisfy the hunger and thirst of the workers; for theirs is no mean service.

"Blessed are the spiritually minded; for they would fain win for our city more soul.

"Blessed are they who taste sacrifice; for theirs is the quiet joy of the Master."

The campaign resulted in pledges to the amount of $208,896. Inasmuch as the pledges were conditioned on the raising of $200,000, the Y. W. C. A. building is assured and the Oakland workers are to be congratulated, for a great work is being done by the Young Woman's Christian Association there and elsewhere.

---

## ABOUT ONE OF OUR OWN.

**W. N. Burr.**

Mrs. Gussie Packard Dubois, of the Pasadena "Star," has been interviewing our Dr. Fox of the First Congregational church, Pasadena. That interview is probably not copyrighted, anyway, but we Congregationalists have a family interest in it that gives us a family right to use it with some considerable freedom. When so excellent a paper as "The Star" says good things about one of our own we like to make "family talk" of it.

Now I am not going to lift that interview bodily out of The Star and give it to The Pacific readers in the lump; but I shall pick out certain chunks of it—good big ones—and work them in without any eliminating of words or sentences.

The biographical paragraphs come at the very end of the interview. I like to know something about a man before I set my mind on what he thinks; so I am going to begin at the end of the interview and let Dr. Fox tell us a bit about himself—his early life, I mean—before we dig up his thinking. His interviewer asked him: "Do you remember what you said about your Christian life when as a candidate for the ministry you were being questioned?" And Dr. Fox answered:

"Well, for one thing, I cannot remember when I did not expect to be a minister. When I told my mother she said she had always known I would be, but she never said that to me until I spoke first. My father was a circuit rider, and mother had the entire care of us—nine children. Our home life was very simple, very plain, but with a beautiful plainness. Mother often used to say to us: 'All you have to do is to grow. Eat wholesome food, do good, honest work each day, sleep, breathe deeply, and you won't have to think about growing; it will go right on. But don't slight your work, don't skimp, don't try to do too much, or you will not do it well. Think pleasant thoughts while you eat'—no worries were permitted at table—'say your prayers and do right, and leave the outcome to God.'

"We always had family worship—scripture reading, but only a little, not enough to weary. We never thought of asking whether we should go to church on Sunday; we went the same as we went to breakfast, and liked it. In the afternoon there were quiet walks—Sunday was not a burdensome, solemn day. I was an average boy, no better than ordinary, and I liked it. I was not made critical by being asked to decide about going to church. As I grew older I worked my way through college, took some hard knocks, and entered the ministry. I was four years in my first pulpit, seventeen in my second; this is my third and I rather think it will be my last."

As one reads all that and then calls up the Rev. Daniel F. Fox that we know today, one cannot help wondering if "going to church as naturally as we went to breakfast" did not have something to do with moulding that strong character, so well fitted for Christian leadership. And that brings the query: What contribution will all this Sunday visiting, Sunday everything almost but regular church-going, that is so common just now, be putting into the days that are coming just ahead? Society will probably be needing a good many Dr. Foxes in the next few generations—how many of them are likely to come from the non-church-going families, whose name is legion in these days? Given a Christian father, a Christian mother, the habit of regular church-going, family worship conducted with naturalness and good sense, and Sundays spent as sacred days but with the old rabbinical rigidity, exactness and severity left out, and you have a home into which one is most fortunate to be born. With such a den in which to start life the nine little Foxes were not likely to go out into the world to spoil the vines or to be spoiled themselves.

"Dr. Fox, your church is a recoguized success in this community. What do you consider the keynote of this success?" asked the interviewer.

And Dr. Fox replied:

"The keynote of any minister's success is sympathy. It is difficult to be a good pastor and a great pulpit orator at the same time, but the finest oratory, if unsympathetic, is not effective in the pulpit. When you really know a person and are in sympathy with him, few words and unstudied will convey your thought or your helpful suggestions; even a look or a clasp of the hand is enough. We try to emphasize this spirit of sympathy and thought for others in all our church life."

If I am not mistaken Dr. Fox began his Pasadena pastorate by kissing a baby—the first one in his congregation

that he could get his hands on. That kiss probably weighs more today in the realm where all things are estimated at their true value than a whole barrel full of discourses weighted with theology, German philosophy and some other ponderositioes.

"It is fine to be fluent, with words at command;
But oft there's more gospel in a shake of the hand.
Though you may be no prophet nor son of a bard,
You can preach a whole sermon if you shake hands hard.

"How oft in the service, 'way back in the rear,
Not sure of a welcome, yet needing good cheer,
A stranger has lingered. Don't wait for his card,
But shake hands, my brother, just shake hands hard."

As I was writing that last line the "Scotch Blessing" that is being printed on the Weekly Calendar of the Claremont church, came to mind:

"If after kirk ye bide a wee
There's some would like to speak to ye.
If after kirk ye rise and flee
We'll all seem cold and stiff to ye.
The one that's in the seat wi' ye
Is stranger here than you may be;
All here has got their fears and cares,
Add your soul unto our prayers,
Be you our angel unawares."

Congregationalists are not the "icebergs" they are sometimes reported to be; but they do stand for reverence and good taste.

"Some people have expressed surprise that you could have Dr. R. J. Campbell in your pulpit," said the interviewer.

To which Dr. Fox replied:

"That is because they do not understand our faith and practice. We had Dr. Torrey also. Now, the former represented the liberal element and the latter the conservative, and our church is broad enough to ordain both. They are both Congregationalists. We do not dictate theology. We encourage people to think things out and so have a vital belief. The man who does this may not have quite as much, but he has a stronger hold on what he has. In my opinion, the purely critical age has passed. Questions of authorship are settled by all who read and think. Matters of faith are uppermost now."

The man four-square is the desirable man, trained and well equipped physically, socially, intellectually, spiritually. Such men are to be found. If the pastor of the First Congregational Church of Pasadena is weak on any one of these sides, which one is it, pray tell? He "looks the picture of health." He is the jolly good fellow in any company in which he may be found. He carries about with him the aroma of the library. And withal he is a "simple gospel" man. "Dr. Fox has been more than ever evangelistic in his preaching this winter," said one of his people to me not long ago. My thought drifts back to that Christian home from which he came. With all our modern Child-Study Clubs and Parent-Teacher Associations we cannot improve upon the good old godly home as an institution for the making of kingly men.

La Canada, California.

---

"Ask nothing but what is right, submit to nothing wrong."—Andrew Jackson.

## NEGLECTED FIELDS FOR WORK AMONG ORIENTALS.

George W. Hinman.

(A paper presented at the Neglected Fields Consultation of the Home Missions Council Deputation in San Francisco. Dec. 7, 1911.)

There is a distinct missionary obligation on the Pacific Coast toward five races of Orientals—Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Hindus, and Filippinos. Eleven years ago, there were about 67,000 Chinese in the Coast and Mountain states, 23,000 Japanese in the same region, and few, if any, of the other Oriental races. The number of Jananese increased rapidly until 1908, and has since fallen off considerably. There are probably 60,000 on the Pacific Coast, of whom the number in California is reliably stated at 41,000, with probably 16,000 in Washington.

The number of Chinese has also materially decreased since the last census. Perhaps there are 50,000 on the Coast, 36,000 of them in California. There is a considerable colony of Koreans in one of the states of Mexico.

The Hindus have come in largely since the fall of 1908. They number between four and five thousand, scattered from Vancouver to San Diego, largely outside the cities, in the employ of the railroads, large ranches, in quarries or cement plants. There are probably three thousand in California, and they seem to be drifting to the South, into the Imperial Valley region, where they are better suited to the conditions.

So far as I have been able to gather the statistics, there are fifty-eight missions for the Chinese in twenty-six cities and towns of California, Oregon and Washington, carried on by ten religious organizations; viz: Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Episcopal, Independent, Christian, (Disciple), Y. M. C. A., Salvation Army, and Cumberland Presbyterian.

Ther are also some sixty-five missions for Japanese, in 37 cities and towns, carried on by eleven religious organizations—all of those previously mentioned except the Cumberland Presbyterians and the Salvation Army, with the the addition of the Friends, M. E. South, and the German Reformed.

Among the Koreans there are seven missions in four cities, conducted by three denominations, M. E., M. E. South, and Presbyterians. The Presbyterians have work in the Korean colony in Mexico. I have no data at hand of work for Filipinos on the Pacific Coast. There is a considerable number living on the edge of Chinatown in San Francisco.. I have not heard of any work being done for any of them. The most neglected Oriental race in this district are the Hindus. Our missionary agencies seem not to have been sufficiently flexible to adapt themselves to the new opportunities presented by the coming of these people. There are four thousand Hindus, most of them from the Punjab, many of them educated men, even graduates of Indian Universities, some of them with considerable wealth, most of them, even those who are Mohammedans, able and willing to read the Bible in their own language, ready to listen to Gospel teaching from any one who will show the slightest interest in their welfare.

This is the great opportunity which has been presented to our Christian organizations, and, so far, only scattered individuals working on their own initiative, and the American Bible Society through its secretary and two colporteurs employed for a few months each, have done anything towards evangelizing these friendless, responsive, intelli-

gent strangers, to whom America so far has meant little more than a chance to work at slightly better wages than in their own land. Is it possible that the Christian forces in America will permit such a body of strangers to come to this Christian country for a period of more than two years, and hear scarcely a word about the Christianity whose spirit is supposed to characterize our civilization as distinguished from their own? If the machinery of our missionary organizations cannot adjust itself in so comparatively short a time as the Hindus have been on the Coast, to the new missionary work they bring before the church, as apparently it cannot, then we must certainly devise some new machinery of inter-denominational co-operation, such as the Home Missions Council promises, to meet adequately and promptly such strategic opportunities. The American Bible Society has found the man able to do this work for the Hindus, and has employed him temporarily in Bible distribution; but they cannot continue this work, and it properly belongs to the home missionary organizations of the country. It cannot be successfully undertaken by any one of them alone, but forms a pressing and notable task before the churches acting together in the Home Missions Council.

Next to the almost absolute neglect of the religious needs of the whole race of Orientals on the Coast, is the neglect of the religious needs of the Orientals in small towns and country districts. We hear of the overchurched country districts in the East. It is probably true that they are overchurched, though they may be **under evangelized.** But among the Orientals in California, it is not the country communities that are overchurched. The Chinese and Japanese living outside the large cities have comparatively little contact with evangelizing agencies. From the figures of the last census, it appears that there are twenty-seven counties in California, each one having more than one hundred Chinese residents, with a total Chinese population of 7,500, in which there is no religious work for these people. There are sixteen counties, each having more than one hundred Japanese residents, with a total Japanese population of 6,000, in which no religious work for the Jananese has been undertaken. Two counties whose borders reach to within ten miles of where we are sitting, San Mateo and Contra Costa, have respectively 309 Chinese and 358 Japanese in the one, and 550 Chinese and 1,009 Japanese in the other, and no religious work for either race is being done in either county, so far as I have been able to learn.

These easily accessible places without a single religious undertaking on behalf of the Oriental population, ought to shame us, when our missions crowd one another in the Oriental quarters of the large cities.

There are parts of the state less easily reached, where there are large Oriental populations untouched by evangelizing influences. In Placer County, about Newcastle, there are 612 Chinese and 862 Japanese, for whom no work is being done. There are 574 Chinese in Monterey County and 811 in Solano County; there are 434 Japanese in San Luis Obispo County, 554 in Sonoma County, and 789 in Yolo County, who do not seem to have been considered in the missionary plans of any denomination.

These untouched Oriental populations, are, it is true, difficult to reach. They are in small towns, on fruit or vegetable ranches, in the mines or railroad camps. Those temporarily employed on the railroads or the ranches, shift frequently from place to place, though probably half of these neglected Orientals are fairly permanent residents of their towns or districts. The ordinary methods of work for Orientals through schools and Sunday services, are hardly practicable. One of the Christian workers among the Chinese in San Francisco, able to speak Cantonese, has recently made an extended trip into the interior and northern counties, and has visited several of these neglected communities, distributing Chinese Bibles and preaching as he had opportunity. No better method of covering our neglected fields could be devised than to keep such a man with an earnest Christian Chinese or Japanese assistant, constantly traveling and visiting the Oriental communities that have no other access to religious influences. Such traveling evengelists might often find larger audiences than gather in the city missions.

I have just come from a visit to a fruit ranch where 150 to 200 Japanese are employed. A few of them are Christians. The foreman is favorable to religious work. There would be few evenings in which they would not gather for a preaching service.

This method of work through traveling evangelists would be a practical application of missionary strategy, as it has been developed in foreign missionary fields. Perhaps in this country we have too easily abandoned the methods of the tract distributor, the Bible colporteur, and the circuit rider. They would still be effective in the neglected communities of Orientals.

But this method, again, is hardly practicable except through federated effort. We cannot longer send out competing agents to claim this or that unoccupied field. Men are available who could represent the federated churches in such work; and work which might be established, could later be turned over to separate denominations by agreement. It ought to be added that the Japanese pastors of several denominations are on their own initiative undertaking a very considerable amount of itinerant evangelism among their own people scattered through the country. Much more could be done if this department was encouraged and developed.

Passing from absolute to comparative neglect of large communities of Orientals, in comparison with the work for Chinese and Japanese in the large cities, the interior towns of California are many of them neglected fields. One of the best informed workers for Japanese, states in a recent report: "Stockton is practically the only important field unoccupied." It is certainly true that Stockton and San Joaquin County have been left practically unoccupied, but as the figures above show, they are not the only neglected fields .

In and about Stockton, there are 1,800 Japanese, and only one mission for them. Santa Clara County has two small missions for Japanese, one for each 1,100. Sacramento has three missions, or one to each 1,300 of the Japanese population. On the other hand, Los Angeles has one mission for Japanese to each 700; San Francisco, one to each 640, and Alameda County, including the cities of Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley, one to every four hundred, with still another mission planned for.

Comparing the work for Chinese in different centers of California, Bakersfield has 838 Chinese with one mission, most inadequately equipped as to plant and workers. Several other interior counties have one mission to each 700 of the Chinese population, which should be adequate if the work is efficiently carried on.

San Francisco, though it has so large a number of mis-

sions, has a third of the Chinese of the state, so that there is one mission to each 950 Chinese. Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley have missions to each 400 Chinese, and Los Angeles one mission to each 290. But in Stockton and San Joaquin County, there are 2,000 Chinese according to the last census, for whom there appears to be no mission work. Work has been begun by two denominations at different times, but dropped for some reason.

The quarters assigned to the Chinese in many of the interior towns of the state, indicate a neglect, not merely by the religious, but by the general civilizing forces of the community, which is appalling. Perhaps the old Chinatown in San Francisco showed similar conditions, but now the place to see the typical filth, overcrowding and squalor of a village in China, is in an old town of the Sacramento or San Joaquin Valley. It seems inevitable that the weakest, most neglected race should have heaped on it the burden of the city's vice; so as a rule you find the dingy cellars of the Chinese, intermingled with the barrack-like "cribs" of the city's prostitutes. If anywhere there is need of an aggressive, practical application of the gospel, with all it implies of physical and moral cleaning up, it is in the Oriental communities in cities of the second and third class in California.

To show how poorly the religious and cultural or civilizing influence in our interior towns keeps pace with the educational influences, you can find a Chinese girl—as I did—probably many of them—born here in America, educated in the grammar schools, speaking English as well as any of her companions, but living in a dark hole lower than the pavement of the dirty Chinatown alley, with no light but from the door, and earth floor, no fire for cooking or heating except in a coarse earthen pot with no chimney, and a bed of boards in the darkest corner of the basement. If evangelization of the Chinese does not imply better living conditions than these, then what is the value of giving them simply an English education?

In comparing the work done for Orientals in the large cities with that in other parts of the state, one soon finds that enumeration of missions gives no idea of the comparative amount of money and work expended. I think it is safe to say that as much has been expended for mission buildings and workers for Chinese in San Francisco, as in al other places on the Coast together, and as much for buildings and workers for the Japanese in Seattle and San Francisco, as in all other places put together.

It is no doubt essential that work in these centers should be especially emphasized and strengthened, since the Orientals center their interests in these large cities even more than Americans. Still, one cannot escape the feeling that there is among missionary agencies a desire that the Oriental work make a good showing in these cities, even if the back counties must be neglected.

It is worth while to remember, however, that the money and work expended in the large cities has been effective. One mission superintendent points out that one in twenty-five of the Chinese in San Francisco is a communicant in an evangelical church, a larger proportion than that of Protestant Christians to population.

Recognizing the amazing neglect of the whole race of Hindus in our Oriental mission work in California, and the comparative neglect of considerable communities of Chinese and Japanese in smaller cities and towns, as well as the country districts, it yet remains true that the one crying neglect is a neglect, not so much of fields as of methods. A neglect of scientific study of the need, a neglect of co-operation in meeting the need, a neglect of adaptation to a changing need—neglect which is evident in the midst of a strenuous activity of mission work and a generous support by the churches.

This neglect is being forced upon the attention of workers in all denominations by several observed conditions; the failure of Oriental church organizations to develop strength and self-dependence, the failure to call out and develop a trained native ministry, especially among the Chinese, the lessening response to the old means of appeal to the unevangelized, and the attraction of social and higher educational methods such as are being used by some Japanese Buddhist institutions in this country and lately by the Y. M. C. A..'s of different cities in work they are undertaking for Orientals.

Most distressing of all is the neglect of co-operation, with its inevitable result of wasting consecrated Christian force through competition. One Superintendent of Japanese work remarks in his report: "There are too many missions in some of the cities, and too little co-operation."—Another, speaking of the Chinese work, says: "Many little struggling missions, with little support and little outlook, continue to divide the religious interest. One-half of the number of missions, well supported and well worked, would be better." Both of these superintendents belong to a denomination most energetic in denominational extension; and they overlook the fact that other denominations, as well, want to make a good showing in Oriental work.

Since these quoted reports were written, one denomination has abandoned a Japanese mission in a small town, to add another to the Japanese missions of Los Angeles, opening work within a short distance of a well-established and flourishing mission; two other denominations are contemplating the investment of large sums of money in new buildings for their work in Los Angeles, and suggestions of federation in the enlarged work on equal terms for all participating denominations do not seem to find eager acceptance. Recently a new mission for Japanese in San Francisco was opened with apparently no consideration of existing work, largely because a certain church wanted a new missionary interest—a laudable motive, but hardly a scientific method.

Many workers for Orientals are also becoming convinced that large areas of character development are being neglected in our Oriental missions. And it is becoming increasingly evident that these fields can be entered only by co-operative effort among the denominations. Special evangelistic campaigns, medical work, special advanced classes and Y. M. C. A. methods are needed and are being demanded by the Chinese and Japanese. A movement originated by the Chinese themselves, is now being pushed to secure a Chinese Y. M. C. A. Several limited organizations on Y. M. C. A. lines had already been started by Chinese and Japanese.

In general, the Orientals have gone ahead faster and further than their American helpers, in developing the fields which are opening to co-operative effort. Union Christian publications, union street meetings, union conferences for inspiration and forwarding of special interdenominational

plans, have been started and enthusiastically supported by the Chinese and Japanese.

I count it an especial honor that on this occasion I have been asked to speak as a representative of the newly organized "Standing Committee of American Workers among Orientals on the Pacific Coast." Representatives of nine denominations and also of the Bible Society and the Y. M. C. A. have been officially appointed on this committee by their national organizations. This committee owes its organization to the same pervasive atmosphere of longing for Christian unity which has stimulated the development of the Home Missions Council; and this committee looks to the Council and to the separate denominational boards which are here represented, for the inspiration and moral backing which will enable us to cover the neglected fields for Orientals on the Pacific Coast.

—

Note: Denominations represented in the "Standing Committee of American Workers for Orientals on the Pacific Coast":—Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Baptist, Presbyterian, Cumberland Presbyterian, Disciples, Methodist Episcopal South, Congregational, Friends, American Bible Society, International Committee Y. M. C. A.

—

Action taken by the Home Mission Council at its annual meeting Jan. 17, 1912:

"That the 'Standing Committee of American Workers among Orientals on the Pacific Coast,' in view of the tremendous importance of that work for the world, and in view of its great need as disclosed in our consultations, be requested to prepare and present to the Home Missions Council a plan by which that work can be allotted among the denominations so as to secure its more adequate accomplishment."

---

## MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

### Rev. Joseph Rowell.

### Some Preaching Experiences.

Paul wrote to Timothy, "I charge thee—preach the word," and this was my business on the Isthmus, though never in a church or pulpit. My church was in the dining rooms or on the balconies of hotels, in the cabins or on the decks of steamers and sailing vessels, in hospitals and cars on railroads, and wherever I could get a few people together to listen. But one of my improvised churches was unique.

The railroad builders tried experiments with laborers of various races and many lands, without finding any who were good workers and could stand the climate. Among these were negroes from Jamaica, who were quartered in camps along the route. As these could understand the English language, and were used to preaching, at home, I used to visit these camps, and was very cordially received by the men. But I had to time my visits so as to be with them between supper and bed time, and this involved the necessity of finding my way home in the dark, which was tedious and not without danger. When a friendly doctor had not used his mule much during the day, he would lend him to me for the evening trip, and this made the matter easy, for on my return I just gave him the bridle and he would find his own way to his stable, by a round-about but safe way. When I went on foot I made a shorter road through the forest, risking a meeting with wild animals, and crawling over streams on rails of a temporary track laid on cob work of ties piled crosswise, knowing that hungry alligators were lying below. I did not meet with serious accidents on any of these excursions.

On these occasions the preaching was done in the dark, in huts of small bamboos with palm leaf thatch, with not even a tallow candle to tell me whether my hearers were white or black, and I could know they were there only by their occasional groans and grunts and "amens." On one occasion they had made me a pulpit by laying two pieces of scantling on boxes, and on these laid a floor of loose barrel staves. Whether I risked the use of such a pulpit they could not see, but they did not repeat the experiment. But the singing! Who can describe it? Of course I had to "line" the hymns but this did not hinder much. They sang with all their power and "the wild woods rang." No wild animals would dare come near, but whether it was "Dundee's wild, warbling strains," "or plaintive martyrs, worthy of the name" or plain Old Hundred, they injected so many slurs and quavers that the authors could hardly have recognized their own productions. But it was a joy to know that God was not troubled with a "musical ear," and that honest heart worship was His delight.

Let me tell a very different experience. On my preaching expeditions to the isle Taboga, I had no more earnest listener than a young Scotch woman who lived with a husband and three little children in a bamboo hut under some tamarind trees. These occasions were treats to her homesick heart, but they were too rare. Aquardiente (native brandy) was cheap and she had come under its fatal power. Conscience and the Devil fought for her soul, and she was not strong. On a Saturday eve I called at her hut but met no greetings. No children were there and my knock brought no reply. I entered the open door. There was the table set for supper, on it a white table cloth, and five plates with knives, forks, etc., but all were stained with blood. Behind the table she laid on her back, her mouth wide open, displaying two rows of white teeth, the head thrown back, and half severed with the sharp knife still clutched in her hand. Brandy and the Devil had won the fight, and she was to hear preaching no more.

---

## THE SO-CALLED FREE SPEECH CONTROVERSY IN SAN DIEGO

### From The San Diego Viewpoint

The so-called "free speech controversy" in San Diego has been receiving considerable attention in the press dispatches of late. Some months ago, at the instance of certain merchants who were incovenienced by street meetings of socialists and others every evening in front of their places of business, a city ordinance was enacted prohibiting street speaking within a certain prescribed area, only a few blocks square, in the business center of the city. The Socialists and I. W. W.'s interpreting this as the first move in a campaign to suppress their propaganda, entered a vigorous protest, and began at once a systematic violation of the ordinance. Arrests were promptly made by the police, and night after night men by the score offered themselves as "martyrs", all that was necessary being to mount a soap box at Fifth and E and say, "Fellowworkers, I am an I. W.

W."—whereupon the "martyr" was led off to jail.

The jails of San Diego soon became overcrowded, and as each man refused to take anything but a jury trial, it was evident that the City had involved itself in a long and expensive board bill. Many of the prisoners were boarded out in the jails of neighboring counties.

In the meantime word had been passed along the line that San Diego was the center, and mostly groups and bands of I. W. W.'S began counting the ties to that city. These were met and turned back by officers at the city line. In the city jails the prisoners were raising such bedlam by shouting and singing that court proceedings could with difficulty be held. Street meetings were held in front of the jail itself, the police were subjected to all manner of insult, which they bore with a self-restraint which was highly creditable.

At this stage an emergency "move-on" ordinance was passed and the police were permitted to use their clubs in enforcing it. One man was rather severely beaten, and a threat to use the hose cleared the street. Since then street speaking has practically ceased in the city. It was probably a tactical mistake of the police not to have used this policy at the outset of the disturbance, as the filling up of the jails was exactly what the agitators desired.

The disturbance now reached the "vigilante" stage, in which posses of citizens with the tacit support of the authorities proceeded to run some "undesirable citizens" out of town. One editor of a radical weekly, a man thoroughly detested in the community for blackmailing tactics to which he is alleged to have resorted, was seized and taken into the country and given some rather vigorous treatment which did him no harm and expressed a rough sense of justice on the part of those who know him. The others taken to the county line and dismissed with a firm application of the boot to the safest place in the anatomy, were non-residents of the city who had simply come in for the sake of violating the ordinance.

The experience has been a trying one for San Diego, and extreme things have been said on both sides. The peace and comfort of the residents, however, have been undisturbed, and a visitor, unless he happened to pass the jail or the corner where the attempts were being made to break down the law, would have noticed nothing unusual going on. The police department is in charge of Capt. John L. Sehon, a retired army officer and a member of the City Council under the commission form of government, and he has handled the situation with exceptional vigor and firmness. His policy has had the support of citizens generally, even of the more conservatice of the Socialists, although there was a distinct weakening in this support from the moment when the police themselves began to exceed the law and when irresponsible posses of citizens began to take a hand in the fight.

Reports of these disturbances having reached Governor Johnson, he sent a personal representative to hold a hearing and ascertain the facts. The results of the hearing have not at this writing been made known: but the visit of the Governor's representative, Mr. Weinstock of Sacramento, has had a saluary effect, and the deputies are much more careful as to the way they handle the men they are turning back at the city line.

These men are for the most part ragged and dirty and bear the general appearance of hoboes. They usually acknowledge without hesitation that they are I. W. W.'s and have come to San Diego to engage in the free speech controversy. They are taken to a point on the northern limits of the city (which happens to be some twenty miles from the city hall), are given a meal, and turned off with injunctions to remain out of San Diego. Nevertheless a considerable number of them manage to make their way into the city, and it is not unlikely that they may make further disturbance.

The pulpits of the city have had little to say about the situation, a silence which for the most part implies that they felt that the authorities were doing the necessary things, and that while mistakes might be made, it was a time for all good citizens to uphold their hands.

In a Sermon April 28th Rev. Willard B. Thorp, pastor of The First Congregational Church, made an analysis of the social situation of which the disturbances are only one of the features. His subject was, "Curing the Malady of Society." The San Diego Union, reported him as follows:

"The inspiration of science has been in the thought of the reign of law, that all material things are related together in one great system. And as we contemplate that system, we bow in wonder at the harmonious working of it all. Today, in much the same way, we are coming to view the world of human life as a single great social organism. But when we see it thus, we do not say, 'How wonderful, how harmonious, how well ordered!' We say, 'Something is the matter with it. It is sick, this great social organism. It is deranged and disordered. Its members are not working together for the upbuilding of each and the upbuilding of the whole.' Instead of calling forth our wonder and admiration, it constitutes a distressful and perplexing problem.

"By their attitude toward the problem of human society men may roughly be divided into four classes:

"First—Those who do not see that there is any problem. They find themselves prospering and many others prospering in the world as it is. If any are not prospering, they think it must be their own fault. Barring accidents, they think this is a pretty good world. The machinery is working reasonably well, especially where the Stars and Stripes are flying. This is the attitude of the average unthinking business man.

"A second class see clearly that there is a social malady, but they see no way of remedying it except for each man to be as good as he can. The whole world lieth in the evil one,' and all we can do is to keep ourselves unspotted from it and extend a helping hand to those whom we can reach. As regards society as a whole, there is not much that can be done. This has too often been the attitude of the average Christian.

"A third class have also grasped the seriousness of the situation, but they are sanguine that a remedy is easily within our reach. They think the way to remedy it is to stop and begin over again: to abolish all existing institutions; to call, as it were, a great assembly of the human race and reorganize society forthwith on a rational basis. These are revolutionists. They think the malady of society is not a case of medicine but surgery, and they do not care how far the knife goes. They think it would be better to have no institutions at all than those which are working so badly. And imbued with this thought, they go about endeavoring to break down existing institutions. They advocate a 'general strike,' a simultaneous refusal to do any more work until it has been agreed that the social commonwealth shall at once be established and the revolution inaugurated which is to cure the malady of society.

"The number of people who are possessed with this idea in some form is far greater than we are apt to realize. It has a very considerable following in universities and social settlements and among men of letters. It has spread widely among the working classes. It has even reached the unskilled worker, the tramp, the wanderer. Indeed, when a man belongs to the great army of the 'down-and-outs,' there is much in his feelings and circumstances to make him responsive to these ideas. The fact that he has no stake in the world, no home, no family, no business connections, no property, makes it easy for him to carry into action what others are talking and writing.

"Such are these I. W. W.'s these wandering outlaws, these wild men who go from place to place preaching the revolution and assailing the various social institutions. The pathetic fact is that these men have seen what the most thoughtful men of the world see, that the organization of human society is on a wrong principle. They have heard from the Socialist of some great and simple chance that would put everything right. They have believed in it implicitly. And the first word of the message that has come to them is that a work of destruction must be done, that the existing order must be done away. They say: 'At least, we can take a hand at that.' They assail the government, the church, the flag, because these things stand for the conservative forces of society as it is now organized.

"But they do it—and this is the pathetic thing about it—not because they individually expect to gain anything by it, but because they actually think that by this crusade they are doing something to save the world, to save the people. That is the thought of many of those fellows we have put in jail, and of those ragged, unkempt hordes we are turning back at the city line. Rightly, rightly are we doing it; there is nothing else for us to do. And yet there is something infinitely pitiful about it; because these men have seen a vision to which those who beat them back are often blind, the vision of a world that is wrong and that needs to be put right. A strange way they have of trying to put it right; and yet, even while we are resisting them, we must remember that they are only putting into action the logical outcome of what has been written by men far more intelligent than they, in popular magazines and in widely circulated books.

"The fourth class, the one in which I hope you and I belong, is a class whose eyes are open to the social malady in all its seriousness, which believes that there is a remedy for it not to be attained by revolution but by evolution, by taking the best that we have and advancing it to something better. The contrast, when we look back, may seem to be nothing short of revolution; but it will have been a revolution working itself out step by step, todays imperfect good (which we rashly call evil) leading to something better tomorrow.

"And the work of destruction will be the smallest part of it. As that which is perfect emerges, that which is in part will simply disappear, as do all obsolete forms. But he who seeks to take away the best that we have before anything better is here to be put in its place, is an enemy of society and of progress. He may have some of the vision of a prophet and all of the consecration of a martyr. Nevertheless, he is an enemy of society and of progress, and must be treated as such and firmly resisted and prevented from working his will."

San Diego May 1st.

## IS IT A SQUARE DEAL?

During the last sixty days statements have been sent to all persons who are in arrearages on subscription to The Pacific for a year or more. In nearly all of the letters was a statement to the effect that the postoffice was now about to enforce with The Pacific the law refusing pound rates on all papers on which subscription was due one year. For example we would be required to pay one cent a week on all papers not paid up to May 1st, 1911, unless we had from the subscriber a written promise to pay at a definite time. We asked for a remittance within 30 days or a promise to pay at a definite time.

A large number have given no heed to these statements. For many the statements sent out at that time were the second or third during the year. From none of these subscribers, so far as we have record, was any request received to stop sending the paper to his or her address

It has been our custom to continue the paper to all subscribers after expiration of the time for which subscription has been paid and a few months after that date send a statement. This of course can be understood in only one way: that the person receiving it is expected to pay for the paper if he continues to receive it.

We accordingly ask, Is it a square deal our subscribers are giving us when they pay no attention to such statements?

Many names have already been taken from the list and all will have to go if we do not hear from them at once. Our experience for 25 years in secular and religious newspaper work is that only a few of those who compel us to thus deal with them ever remit the subscription after the name has been dropped.

The date on label bearing the name indicates to what time subscription is paid.

If the reader hereof has mislaid his statement or has not, by oversight, received any, that date if back a year ought to be suggestive.

## NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Accounts of the Sacramento Valley and the San Joaquin Association meetings will appear in The Pacific next week.

The Rev. John L. Maile of Los Angeles has been invited to speak at a union meeting of old soldiers and citizens on May 26th at San Jacinto; to preach the baccalaureate sermon to the high school in the evening, and to give the Memorial Day address at Norwalk on May the 30th.

The State Sunday-school Association entertained Mr. H. J. Heinz, Pittsburg, Pa., at a luncheon at the Bellview Hotel recently. Mr. Heinz always prefers being introduced as a Christian business man. His energies are used to further the Sunday-school cause. The luncheon was attended by 25 of our leading business men, and Mr. Heinz was well pleased with his reception in San Francisco.

The address at the next Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be by the Rev. H. R. Miles, "Social Service in the Mediaeval Chruch, as Illustrated in the English Abbey." There will be stereopticon views, and the meeting will be open to any persons who may wish to attend. It will be at 11 a. m. in the parlors of the First Congregational Church.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer returned last Saturday from

attendance at the national conservation congress of the Men and Religion Forward Movement in New York and has already spoken three times concerning the assemblage and in such a manner as to impart to others of the inspiration received there by him. The congress, he says, was an unusual event—one of great messages. The great human problems of life, the practical problems, were considered in a spirit that was neither pessimistic nor of shallow optimism. Four hundred and fifty-three cities and towns were represented and forty states.

# Among the Churches.

## CALIFORNIA.

**Oakland, Fruitvale.**—Ten persons were received into membership Sunday, nine on confession.

**San Francisco, Bethany.**—Three persons united with the church last Sunday, one on confession.

**Berkeley, First.**—Eight persons were received to membership last Sunday, one on confession. Five university students became associate members.

**Berkeley, North.**—Two persons were welcomed into membership last Sunday. Five others who had been voted membership were absent from the city.

**Oakland, Plymouth.**—The Sunday-school already uses the new room to its utmost capacity. The pastor finds it easier to supervise Plymouth Center than he anticipated.

**Tulare.**—During the last year the church at Tulare has received twelve persons into membership. The Ladies Aid has rendered valuable service in various ways, among other things having raised and expended something over $400 in improvements on the church property. The Rev. M. B. Davenport is pastor.

**Ripon.**—Twelve persons have been received into membership during the last few months. The Junior C. E. Society has a membership of 45. The ladies of the Helping Hand Society have paid $185 on a church lot and are working now for $75 more. The pastor at Ripon is the Rev. D. J. Davis who came recently from Pennsylvania.

**San Francisco, First.**—Twelve persons were welcomed into fellowship last Sunday, seven on confession. The following was among the notes on last Sunday's calendar: "Today we celebrate the Fortieth Anniversary of Mr. Samuel D. Mayer as organist of this Church. We rejoice in God's good gift. His years of service are amongst our cherished possessions. A great-hearted, sweet-natured, loyal gentleman—a gentleman in the old and splendid meaning of the word, courtly and tender and chivalrous—this Church is proud of him and grateful to him and grateful to God for him. It would be interesting to know whether there is another organist in America who has served one church uninterruptedly for forty years. If there is we ought to know the church and the man, that church and church may rejoice together." Monday evening a reception was given to Mr. and Mrs. Mayer in the church parlors. From a paragraph calling attention to the Wednesday evening meetings the following is quoted: "Dr. Aked is more than gratified by the splendid supoprt accorded him in the week-night services. Nothing in his San Francisco ministry up to the present time has brought him more real joy than the Wednesday meetings. Several things have been accomplished. First, we have proved that a mid-week service can be held in a great American city. Second, we have proved that we can put both brains and spirituality into such a service. Third, we have discovered that there are men and women in many churches besides our own who want as well as need such a meeting and are grateful for the help which it affords. We must not lose the vantage ground whcih we have gained. Success is dangerous—to success. We must not grow weary in well-doing. Let us make the service better and better and still better." Beginning Wednesday evening of this week Dr. Aked will give a series of lecturettes on "New Studies in the Life of Christ." In this series the structure of the gospels and their divine contents will be treated from an entirely ne wpoint of view. A book called "Philochristus: Memoirs of a Disciple of the Lord" will be taken as the basis of each evening's study. This book, as its name suggests, is supposed to be written long after the death of Christ by a followed of Jesus not named in the New Testament, and it presents the results of the latest critical and devotional study of the New Testament in the form of explanations and narratives given by an old man who in his youth had been intimate with Jesus and with the members of the apostolic band.

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

**By Samuel Greene.**

Our church in Snohomish has been gaining in its work during this year under the pastoral care of Rev. L. L. Woods and the Sunday-school has reached in numbers and in real usefulness to a figure unknown in its history and to an interest which is really appreciated not only by those attending but by the whole church and community. The Endeavor Society has come into real life again and the church is as it ought to be being built up out of the maturing of young Christian manhood and womanhood which is making itself felt in all the neighborhood.

Dr. Woods has found it no easy task to bring present conditions out from those in which he found the church, but with that energy which possesses his soul and the untiring activity together with a spiritual life that nerves him up to wise and patient service results are coming as the fruitage of the toil. Our brother of course msut needs be a good preacher as well, holding the ear and keeping the attention of the church and congregation. If during the coming summer any of our churches along the coast need a vacation supply, Pastor Woods might be found available for one and perhaps two months.

The church of West Seattle, Rev. E. Tremayne Dunstan, D. D., has been quietly doing its work, but gaining in numbers and in its constant activities, having received eleven into its membership on Easter Sunday and having now a class of twenty-three from among the Sunday-school in preparation for admission into the church on Children's Day.

The new building, which it was hoped some time ago was to be erected, had then to be postponed on account of

existing conditions, it is now thought must be very soon undertaken as present accommodations are entirely insufficient.

As far as is now foreseen, Plymouth Church of this city will be ready to enter its main auditorium on the first Sunday of May, but will not attempt the dedication service until a week or possibly two weeks later, although in fact it is the desire of both church and pastor that all the intervening time shall largely be taken up in varied and continuous service of a real setting apart of both members and building to a larger and fuller consecration to Him who is Lord over all.

The Beacon Hill Congregational Church of this city has been completed within the last month and its dedication will take place in the near future, possibly on the Sunday immediately before or after that of Plymouth. Beacon Hill has occupied a part of its building for several months but the entrance into the main auditorium room is likely to be a great event for that part of the city. Rev. J. A. Henry has been the pastor for three years or more and accomplished large things in a very trying field.

4039 Whitman Avenue, Seattle, April 27th.

# The Home.

### NIGHT AND DEATH

Mysterious Night! When our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Set 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame.
Hesperûs with the host of Heaven came;
And lo! Creation widened in mans' view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? Or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?—
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life.

Joseph Blanco White.

### "LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS"

A tired professional woman walked one day into a pretty lunchroom, took a seat at one of the attractive tables, toyed wearily with the bill of fare and looked with evident distaste at the dainty food presently brought her. The plump, smiling little woman on the opposite side of the table hazarded a pleasant remark, and gradually drew her neighbor into interested conversation. When the talk was finished the luncheon had also been finished, and with unexpected zest.

"I owe you warm thanks," said the professional woman, with a grateful smile as she rose, rested and cheerful, to leave the place. "I don't think I could have eaten a morsel but for your pleasant talk."

The little woman dimpled winningly with an expression that somehow silently proclaimed her a modest but earnest follower of the One who "went about doing good."

"I noticed you were weary," she said gently, "and I've had some experience of that sort myself. That was why I began to talk."

At another lunchroom table recently sat a prospective bride, who had "shopped until her bones were aching, her bag was stuffed with samples of all descriptions, her brain bewildered almost to exhaustion. The patient friend who had shopped with her was little less fatigued.

"I don't see how on earth I'm ever going to decide anything!" fretted the bride-to-be. "I'm so tired I simply can't think."

A third girl at the table knew neither of the shoppers, but she did know girls in general and the law of kindness.

"That green in your hand is lovely," she remarked rather timidly.

Two minutes later the coming bride, all renewed interest and sparkle was telling her troubles, and before long, under the combined stimulus of refreshed strength and sympathetic understanding, had conquered most of her difficulties.

It was a true deed of kindness, that timid remark.

So many of us, it is to be feared, leave undone those "little deeds of kindness" that might make so many people happy in so many ways, just because they seem in themselves so small and insignificant. But how can aynone, seeing only one side, decide just what is and is not insignificant, lacking in value? A distinguished scientist has said that no human being makes a movement, be it only the raising of a hand, without appreciably affecting all the great cosmic effects and forces; that even the moon and the tides are influenced by the unconsidered gestures of a man in anger, a little child at play. Who, then, can tell just when, where and how each one of us is advancing or holding back God's wondrous aims and achievements? Who can tell the effect of the timely speech or silence that springs from a loving heart?

"It was the cup of coffee you had made and insisted on my taking that wet, cold morning when we first made acquaintance that warmed my heart to you," one man confessed to another. "Only God knows how tired and sick and utterly worn out I was at that moment. Your coffee and kindness helped me to a new outlook, and the fact that I am well, happy, sufficiently successful and trying hard to live a good life is humanly due to the 'cup of cold water'—otherwise hot coffee—with which you warmed my frozen frame and soul!"

The cup of cold water, lovingly given, may becme ceandepths in a needy life.—Ethel Colson.

### DON'T BE TACTLESS.

The tactless are those who lack the quick or intuitive appreciation of what is fit and right to say or do, and especially the ready discrimination that leads them to avoid what would offend or disturb. Just because there are so many things to annoy and irritate, we appreciate the efforts of those who, by their wisdom, patience and sympathy, straighten out the tangles, smooth the ruffled spirit, and pour cooling oil on the heated machinery.

The tactless are the witless, who who never know they are blundering until they see the cloud of resentment, whereas the tactful may administer a needed rebuke so adroitly that it wins a friend instead of making an enemy.

Archbishop Tait would often say to his secretary, when answering some prattling correspondent, "Tell him he is an idiot, but say so kindly." That is just what tact is capable of doing.

The tactful man says neither too much nor too little. At a business meeting the chairman announced: "Brother Skinner submits his resignation as a member of this society. What action shall be taken upon it?"

"I move, sir," responded one of the parliamentarians present, "that the resignation be accepted, and that a vote of thanks be tendered Brother Skinner."

In reply to the question of the very talkative boarder, 'Why do they say as 'smart as a steel trap'?I cannot see anything so intellectual about a steel trap." Mr. Pepper answered in his sweetest voice, "A steel trap is called smart because it knows exactly the right time to shut up."

In which respect the steel trap was wiser than the married man who didn't know enough to leave his last sentence unuttered. He had been married several years, and his wife said to him one night: "You do not speak as affectionately to me as you used to, Hal. I fear you have ceased to love me."

"Ceased to love you! There you go again. Ceased to love you! Why, I love you more than life itself. Now shut up, and let me read the paper."

There are bluff and blunt-spoken folk whose tactlessness is simply rudeness, sometimes almost brutual in its frankness. Ian Maclaren tells of a parishioner of Dr. Norman Macleod, who, when her husband was sick, sent for the minister of the next parish. Answering the call, this good man did not recognize the worthy pair of his parish; so he asked, "To what church do you belong?"

"Dr. Macleod's."

"Then why did you not call him to your house?"

"Hoot, mon," answered the mistress, "di' ye think we wad be riskin' our Nourman wi' the typhus fever?"

By the bedside of a sensitive woman attacked with pneumonia a most benevolent-looking woman said in clear tones: "There is no hope. I see the death-mark on her face."

This is not quite so bad as the remark made by a Scotch wife to her dying husband, who turned his face from the wall to say. "Lass, that ham savors fine. Ye gi' me a bite."

"Tut, tut, mon," was the reply, "ham is na for the deein'. Get thee on wi' thy struggles. The ham is for the buryin'."

A widow called to see a man who was slowly passing from this world, and said to him, "You'll see Tom"—Tom was her husband—"and I want you to tell him I'm doing the best I can. I'm trying to raise the children right."

Her dying nenghbor, being a tactful man, gave her the prompt assurance that if he reached heaven, and ever saw Tom, and didn't forget it, he would certainly tell him.

It is really a Christian duty to endeavor to make the reserved and timid, the awkward and the ignorant, feel at ease by one's kindly manner and interest in them. A clergyman was conducting a testimony meeting in a refined and cultured audience, when a backswoodsman, who had come in by chance, arose and said: "This is the finest meetin' I was ever in. I feel lie saying with one of old, 'Let us make three tabernickles, one for Abraham, and one for Isaac, and one for'—I forgit the name of the other man."

The clergyman, feeling the chill that settled on the spirits of those elegant and sensitive people, and fearing that the whole effect of the meeting might be lost, rising, took an envelope from his pocket, and said: "Here is a letter from my wife, elegantly written, charmingly worded, full of expressions of love. I understand her. But here," drawing forth a slip all criss-crossed with heavy ink-marks, blotched and crumpled, "is one from my four-year-old son. He thought he was writing to his father. He was, though there is not an intelligent word in the sheet. But he loves me. I understand him."

Everybody understood the application but the backwoodsman, whose feelings were kept from being hurt by the tactful clergyman, who brought the meeting straight back to its high and helpful purpose.

Sometimes well-meaning efforts to be tactful may become amusing because so very obvious.

"It is very good of you to give me your seat," said the lady.

"Not at all, mum," replied Pat. "It's a dooty we all owe to the sex. Some folks only do so when a woman is young and pretty; but I say the sex, and not the individual."

Queen Victoria did a graceful thing unostentatiously when she poured out her tea into the saucer, thereby making the countrywoman who had done so feel at ease.

But it was different in the case of Dr. James B. Angell, president of Michigan University, who was invited to dinner at the Chinese Legation in Washington. The doctor sat at the right hand of the minister. The floor of the dining-room was waxed and slippery, and there were no rugs. He endeavored to move back in his chair. It slipped, and the dignified educator slid under the table. He arose, much confused; but not a Chinese said a word, or gave any sign of having seen the incident.

Ten minutes later his Chinese host tried to move back his chair, and he, too, slid under the table. He got up, and resumed his seat, and none of the Chinese made a sign. Then, at regular intervals, every Chinaman around the table slid out of his chair and under the table.

Occcasionally the tactless blunderer discovers his mistake. only to go on from bad to worse. An amateur critic in the studio of a great painter remarked: "Splendid picture, really. Allow me to compliment you. But why did you choose such an ugly model?"

"She's my sister."

'Oh, pardon! How foolish of me! I ought to have noticed the resemblance."

The late Lord Leighton once joined a group of ladies who were standing before one of his paintings, just in time to hear one of the number say, "It's a horrid picture—simply horrid!"

'I'm sorry, but it's mine," Lord Leighton exclaimed involuntarily.

"You don't mean to say you bought the thing?" questioned the same lady.

"No; I—painted it," the artist humbly replied.

The critical lady was monmentarily abashed; then she said easily, "Oh, you mustn't mind what I say."

"No, indeed, you musn't" another began earnestly. "She only said what everybody else is saying."

---

### GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

"I used to be ashamed if a particle of dust could be found anywhere in my house," said a notable housekeeper, "but lately I have changed my ideals and my methods. I have realized that I am growing older, and that I have been giv-

ing too much of my life merely to keeping things clean. Now I am trying to make them wholesome, and I am getting benefit and satisfaction from dirt."

The statement will doubtless shock some conscientious woman who is struggling, perhaps beyond her capital of strength and nervous energy, to maintain the traditions of a long line of famous housewives.

"Are we degenerating?" she asks. "Can it be that with all our powders and polishes, our special soaps and brushes, our vacuum cleaners, our dustless dusters and fireless cookers, our gas ranges and electric irons, we are still unable to accomplish what our grandmothers achieved with the simple equipment of their day?"

What you have not considered, dear madam, is this: that all these modern dirt-destroyers hardly counterbalance the modern makers of dirt.

Your grandmother lived on a quiet country road, where there were no passing automobiles, her dainty lace and linen were not soiled by a shopping trip in a soft-coal city. Her carpets were not smudged by the trackings from oiltreated streets. Her days were not occupied in cleaning innumerable sets of special table silver, or polishing hard-wood floors. That is why she could take her knitting and run over to her neighbor's for a long, leisurely afternoon call.

Housekeeping may be taught in the schools as a science, but it must be practiced in the home as an art; and that means that the housekeeper must cultivate a sense of proportion. No house is well ordered in which mistress has become servant, and the tasks that ought to be but handmaidens to the home life are allowed to crack the slave driver's whip. And no woman is a really good housekeeper until she has learned that the recording angel may charge against her many things more serious than leaving her supper dishes until the next morning.—Youths Companion.

# Our Young People

### HOW WEE GIRL HELPED

One morning Wee Girl scrambled out of bed and ran to the window, and what do you think! Old King Sol was in the garden. She winked fast three or four times to make sure she was awake. Then she rubbed her eyes with her chubby fists, and looked again. It was really true. There was Old King Sol looking all through the bare, brown sod as if he had lost something.

Wee Girl watched him a minute. "What are you looking for, Old King Sol?" she called at last from the window.

The birds were having their morning concert, and perhaps that was the reason Old King Sol paid no attention to Wee Girl's question.

"Say, Old King Sol, what are you looking for?" she called again.

As 'Old King Sol turned to see who was talking he smiled right into Wee Girl's eyes."Why, I'm looking for the flowers," he replied. "Spring is here and theyought to be up. They're lazy. Here I've been shining nice and warm for ever so long, and I can't find a single flower out of bed yet. I do wonder what can be the matter!"

"I 'spect, Old King Sol, they want just one more teentyweenty little nap," excused Wee Girl.

"Indeed, indeed! They've been napping long enough. I must think of some way to get them awake." There was a frown on Old King Sol's face.

"Mother says the flowers sleep until Warm South Wind comes and wakes them with his gentle song," said Wee Girl.

"Well, well!" shouted Old King Sol. "That's a good idea! I wonder if I can get Warm South Wind to come and sing to these lazy flowers." He turned toward the south. "O Warm South Wind!" he called.

In a minute Warm South Wind came sailing along, blowing a soft little breath through the trees and touching Wee Girl's cheek as he passed the window.

"Why, good morning, Warm South Wind," said Old King Sol, cheerily; "you came along just in time. Look around this garden, will you? Not a flower up yet! I never saw the like of it! I've shone brighter and brighter every day for a week right over their beds, but the lazy things are still in the Land of Nod."

"Ho, ho! I'll waken them in a jiffy!" laughed Warm South Wind. "I'll have them all up quicker than scat!"

Old King Sol smiled and winked at Wee Girl.

Warm South Wind blew around the garden, singing a sweet little gurgling song. Wee Girl listened. "It sounds just like the brook in the meadow," she thought.

Old King Sol sat on the garden wall and fanned himself as he listened to the song of Warm South Wind quavering so softly over the garden. After a little he looked up at the window to see if Wee Girl was listening too, but she was gone.

Warm South Wind breathed and blew and sung gently for a long time, but the flowers still slept. Not one awoke.

"So you were going to wake them up so fast, Warm South Wind! I thought you would have a hard job," taunted Old King Sol.

Warm South Wind sighed. "I never failed before, but I'll have to admit that I'm a bit discouraged this time. My song seems to have no effect."

"Perhaps we'd better give it up," suggested Old King Sol. "Just let them sleep all summer, if they're so lazy."

"Oh, oh, please don't do that!"

Old King Sol looked up, and there was Wee Girl sitting on the steps of the kitchen porch.

"Please don't let 'em sleep all summer, Old King Sol," she begged.

"Well, what shall we do? Warm South Wind and I have done our best."

"Mother, says maybe they want to get up and can't," said Wee Girl.

Old King Sol opened his eyes wide. "Can't!" he exclaimed. "Can't get up! Ha, ha, ha! Quite a joke!"

"It isn't a joke at all, Old King Sol. Maybe they're tucked in so awful tight under the covers that they just can't get even their heads out," said Wee Girl with quivering lips. "It's nothing to laugh at," she added protestingly.

"Well, well, Wee Girl, don't cry! If that's the case, I don't know what to do," said Old King Sol.

"Mother says maybe they're all awake and trying their very, very best to turn over and get out of their beds, and I don't think you ought to call them lazy. Poor things!"

"Pshaw, Wee Girl, don't worry so about it! I didn't mean to be harsh. Perhaps Warm South Wind and I can think of something else to do."

"Mother says they'll never get up until a nice rain comes

along and loosens up their covers. I'd give them water, but I'm too little to carry the sprinkler; and, anyway, I always get so wet."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Old King Sol. "Just the thing! Why didn't I think of it? Cheer up, Wee Girl, I'll look around for a nice rain." He called loudly: "O Rain Cloud, come this way."

Rain Cloud came moving them until it stopped right over the garden.

"Just a nice little shower, Rain Cloud. Not a great blustery storm. We're trying to waken the flowers, but we don't want them scared by a hard, dashing pour," explained Old King Sol.

"Ah!" replied Rain Cloud. "I see—just a pitter-patter shower. Enough to soften up the covers so they can get their heads out."

"Oh, that's it!" cried Wee Girl, clapping her hands.

So Rain Cloud began with only a sprinkle so soft and slow that Wee Girl thought he was fooling. But in a little while the drops came pattering down faster and faster, until Wee Girl had to move farther back on the porch.

Old King Sol slipped behind Rain Cloud to rest awhile. Once he peeked out quickly, but Wee Girl was gone again, and the kitchen door and windows were shut tight.

Rain Cloud kept pattering away for a long time, and Old King Sol had a good nap,. Finally he shouted, "Guess that's enough, Rain Cloud," and jumped right out, and the rain was all over.

Just then Wee Girl came running out through the doorway, smiling hopefully. "I do hope they'll wake up now," she thought.

Old King Sol looked all through the bare, brown sod again, and shook his head in despair. Not a flower in sight.

"Well, I give it up," he said. "Not one awake yet! I'm done," he added, starting off in a huff.

Then all the flowers in the garden jumped out of their beds quick as a wink and called to him in shrill, piping little voices: "Here we are! Here we are, Old King Sol!"

Old King Sol turned. "Well, I declare! So you're really up at last. It's surely time."

"We wanted to get up long ago, Old King Sol, but we were covered up so tight we couldn't even move. I tell you we were thankful when that nice rain came along. We popped right out just as soon as we could, and we're very glad to greet you, Old King Sol."

They all nodded and smiled at Old King Sol and Wee Girl. "We thank you all, Old King Sol, Warm South Wind, Rain Cloud, and especially Wee Girl," they said.

Old King Sol laughed heartily and winked again at Wee Girl. Leaping over the garden wall he waved "good-by," and Wee Girl ran in to tell mother.

—Annie Porter Johnson in The Continent.


**Stimulates Invigorates**

Makes your summer trip East
a distinctive American Tour
The
NEW ORLEANS—NEW YORK
STEAMSHIP LINE
between New Orleans
and New York
Costs no more to include than an all rail way
and you will enjoy the soothing restfulness
of the trip.

**Attendants who can't do enough for you.**
**Excellent cuisine.**
**Rates include meals and berth.**

First class rail to New Orleans and first cabin steamer to New York.....$ 77.75
First class round trip to New York.....$145.50
Second class rail and second cabin, New Orleans to New York .....$145.75

**Write any Agent**

**Southern Pacific**

**Flood Building** **Palace Hotel**

**Market St., Ferry Station.**


**REPORT OF PROPORTIONATE BENEVOLENCE COMMITTEE, NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CONG'L CONFERENCE.**

**Apportionments and Receipts for Santa Clara Association for the Year 1911.**

| | C. H. M. S. | | A. B. C. F. M. | | C. C. B. S. | | A. M. A. | | S.S.& P.S. | | C. E. S. | | M. R. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | App. | Rcd. | App. | Rcd. | App | Rcd. | App. | Rcd. | App. | Rcd. | App. | Rcd. | App. | Rcd. |
| Burlingame | 25 | ... | 25 | 10 | 8 | ... | 10 | 5 | 5 | ... | 2 | ... | 2 | ... |
| Campbell | 150 | 172 | 150 | 76 | 65 | 64 | 50 | 53 | 15 | 14 | 10 | ... | 12 | 4 |
| Colma | 1 | ... | 1 | ... | 1 | ... | 1 | ... | 1 | ... | 1 | ... | 1 | ... |
| Pacific Grove | 175 | 88 | 175 | 159 | 60 | 27 | 65 | 64 | 30 | 29 | 15 | 13 | 20 | 13 |
| Palo Alto | 130 | 63 | 130 | 111 | 62 | 34 | 50 | 41 | 25 | 26 | 5 | ... | 10 | ... |
| Pescadero | 30 | 4 | 12 | ... | 12 | 1 | 5 | ... | 5 | ... | 1 | ... | 1 | ... |
| Redwood | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 30 | 16 | 30 | 25 | 25 | 26 | 2 | ... | 6 | 2 |
| San Jose | 350 | 200 | 800 | 820 | 125 | 80 | 150 | 85 | 50 | 37 | 20 | 20 | 30 | 30 |
| San Juan | 20 | ... | 10 | ... | 6 | ... | 2 | ... | 7 | ... | 1 | ... | 1 | ... |
| San Mateo | 50 | ... | 40 | ... | 15 | 2 | 10 | ... | 15 | 10 | 2 | ... | 3 | ... |
| Santa Cruz | 325 | 250 | 325 | 240 | 100 | 70 | 130 | 82 | 50 | 35 | 25 | 16 | 35 | 37 |
| Saratoga | 150 | 165 | 150 | 157 | 55 | 55 | 60 | 88 | 25 | 28 | 12 | 12 | 15 | 10 |
| Soquel | 40 | 15 | 40 | 15 | 14 | ... | 7 | 3 | 12 | 4 | 1 | ... | 1 | ... |
| Sunnyvale | 60 | 27 | 100 | 583 | 20 | 9 | 15 | 7 | 10 | 4 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 3 |
| Total | 1606 | 1084 | 2058 | 2271 | 573 | 358 | 585 | 453 | 275 | 213 | 99 | 62 | 143 | 99 |

Sermons of Dr. William Horace Day:
"STUDY"
and
"GOD or MONEY"
10c per copy.
Address First Congregational Church,
841 So. Hope St., Los Angeles,
or
Call at Sadler's Book Store,
2225 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley.

MILLS COLLEGE.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast.

Suburbs of Oakland, California.

Full collegiate courses leading to degrees. Entrance and graduation requirements equivalent to those of Stanford and University of California. Students fitted to teach regular lines of academic work and Home Economics. Special advantages offered in music, art and library study. Well-equipped laboratories, modern gymnasium. Provision for out-door life and amusements. Christian influences, non-sectarian. Courses so arranged that students may enter either semester. Semesters open in August and January. President Luella Clay Carson, A.M., Litt.D., LL.D. For catalogue address Registrar, Mills College P. O., California.

POMONA COLLEGE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA.

A Christian College of High Standards and Fine Equipment, in an Ideal Location.

For catalogue and illustrated pamphlet,
Address, THE SECRETARY.

PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
—Located at—
Berkeley, Seat of the University of California.

Curriculum modern, thorough, practical. Valuable University advantages free. Open to qualified students of any denomination. Location and climate unexcelled. Expenses low. Year opens August 20, 1912. Address President,
C. S. NASH, D.D.

Free Kindergarten Normal School
of the
Golden Gate Kindergarten Association
Accredited by the State Board of Education.
Miss Virginia Fitch, President.
Miss Anna M. Stovall, Principal.
Address: 1617 California St., Room 7
San Francisco. Cal.
Telephone Franklin 2827

YOSEMITE VALLEY
Yosemite National Park
THE SCENIC ATTRACTION OF CALIFORNIA
THE SUMMER OUTING PLACE OF THE SIERRAS
Plan to Spend Your Vacation
in Yosemite Valley

Here you find everything that contributes to a full measure of health and pleasure. Life in the mountains with all that that means. Fresh air, Pure Water, Recreation, Rest, Comfort, Surrounded by the Sublimities of nature.

THIS IS NOW A SHORT, EASY TRIP.

Daily train service to the Park Line. Thence a few hours delightful drive into the Valley, to your hotel or camp. Through reduced rates from all points.

ASK FOR YOSEMITE OUTING FOLDER
See either SOUTHERN PACIFIC or SANTA FE
or address

Yosemetie Valley Railroad Co.
Merced, Cal.

Camp Curry

YOSEMITE

May is the best month for tramping. Camp Curry is the place that pleases all. It is where the fire falls and the stentor calls. Rates, $2.50 per day, $15.00 per week, $56 for four weeks. Circulars at Southern Pacific and Sante Fe offices and in all Peck-Judah cabinets or address

David A. Curry,
Camp Curry, California.